

## Autopsy

## Dismember

Fallen deity  
Lying cold on my mortuary slab  
Slicing and sawing  
Digging deep into his head

I look deep into the deceiver's eyes  
To analyze this evil mind  
Destroyer of free will  
Creator of mental disease

Remove the brain  
Crush it between my fingers  
His empty skull will serve  
As my vile decoration

Incision, open torso  
Removal of innards  
Evisceration  
Intestinal relocation  
An empty shell lie  
Upon my operating table  
Once almighty  
Now just dead flesh

6 days  
Of pathological surgery  
Recreate the maker  
In my image  
And on the 7th day  
I stand back and observe  
Filled with pride  
Of my sick work

Y shaped stitches across his rotting chest  
A disfigured corpse sewn together for public display